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Captivation Want Nothing But You Chapter 340 by Adolf Dunne

Chapter 340 Help You (Part Two)

Afraid that Victor wouldn't believe him, Joey made

a swearing sign and stretched out his three fingers.

Victor didn't say anything as he gave him a glance. He simply accepted the documents that Ivan had sent him. Carson was handling the majority of the Sullivan Group's business at the moment, but he needed to examine and make decisions on the most important matters.

He needed to be extra cautious now that so many individuals were attempting to drag him down from his position as CEO of the Sullivan Group.

Joey stood up and walked over to the bedside. "Mr. Sullivan," he murmured, his big, soft, eyes blinking. Victor moved his head to face him.

"I didn't eavesdrop on purpose, but I'm curious about something." There was a hint of slyness in Joey's innocent eyes.

"What do you want to know?"

"Miss Salazar just said she wants to celebrate her birthday with you," Joey said. "Are you going?"

Before Victor could respond, Joey continued, "It's not a big issue if you go. You were engaged until recently, and even though you aren't now, you can

still be friends..."

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As Victor listened, he could somehow sense that Joey was feeling jealous.

“Joey.” Victor suddenly spoke in a hushed tone. “What?” Joey raised his eyebrows and looked at him

blankly.

Victor gulped. He called out to him without thinking of anything to say. After a brief pause, he closed the file and said, “What did Carson say to you? Is this what you’ve been thinking about?”

Right at this moment, Carson was listening to the executives presentations in the Sullivan Group’s conference room, feeling sleepy. But all of a sudden, he sneezed.

The senior executives who were reporting work matters to him were startled by his noise and all eyes shot him an awkward glance.

Noticing that everyone was staring at him, Carson raised his eyebrows and touched the tip of his nose. Before he could say anything, the executive who was presenting asked timidly.

“Mr. Scott... Is there anything in my report that needs to be corrected?”

Carson heard the man’s question and answered, “No.” He wondered who was speaking ill of him behind his back.

Hearing this, the man exhaled a sigh of relief and

smiled, but before he could fully relax, he noticed

Carson had closed the file in his hand and tossed

the pen on the desk before standing up.

“Because the entire report is bullshit. Even

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kindergarten kids could write something better.”

“Mr. Scott....

With one hand in his pocket, Carson sneered as he

scanned everyone in the conference room.

“I know some of you think I don’t deserve to be here, right? Well, guess what? I enjoy my privileges. You don’t like me but you still have to serve me.” He pointed at the stacks of work reports on the table. “I’ll give you a day to redo these.”

He turned around and left the room without looking

back. Everyone in the large conference room lowered their head and didn’t dare to speak

In the ward

There was only a distinct noise coming from a device.

Checking the time on his phone, Victor closed the

file and looked at Joey, sitting on the sofa and playing with his iPad.

He had been sitting quietly there for an hour and a half, simply waiting for Victor to finish his work.

Victor’s eyes gradually narrowed as he looked at him, and he seemed lost in thought. Suddenly, a message popped up, interrupting his thoughts.

He withdrew his gaze and tapped on the message box it read, “Mr. Sullivan, she’s awake

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Have you finished your work?" Joey had been keeping an eye on Victor furtively. He couldn't help but ask when he noticed that he had stopped writing and taken out his phone.

Victor swiftly deleted the message from his phone with a flick of his thumb on the screen. "I can ask Ivan to drive you back if you're ed," he replied, looking up at Joey, assuming he wanted to go back. "I'm not tired." He wasn't even done with his task here. There was no way he could go back.

He set the iPad down and came over to Victor. He then sat on the edge of the bed, shaking his shins. "Mr. Sullivan, you told me before that you lost the

one you love, didn't you?" Victor was intrigued by his question. "What do you want to say?"

"How about I help you look for her?" Joey raised his head, eyes shining brightly at Victor.

It took him a whole week to make up his mind, and

finally, he had the courage to say it.

Victor's gaze was firm.

"But I have a condition," Joey said before Victor could open his mouth to speak. You have to

celebrate my birthday with me."

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